

Now, some of you perhaps may imagine, from the similarity of the names, that I am a distant relation of the famous *John Bunyan*, the pious and much-admired Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But as I have not the honour to be any way related to that truly worthy man, so neither have I the vanity to think myself capable of becoming his equal in that wonderful flow of invention, and natural simplicity and easiness of language, by which he is so eminently distinguished as a writer. However, such as my little performance is, here it comes: and therefore wishing, my little masters and misses, that it may be the happy means of making you good children now, and of preparing you to be good gentlemen and ladies hereafter, I shall beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your most affectionate friend,

And very humble servant,

Don Stephano Bunyano.

From my lodgings in the uppermost story.

CHAP.

*Containing a Description of the Castle, and a short Account of the Giant's Instructions.*

ABOUT four hundred and twelve hundred miles directly south from the Cape of Good Hope, which I must inform you is a southern point of the continent, there is a large cluster of islands, which by the natives are called *Fortunate*, or *Happy Isles*. I do not indeed, that I have seen them in any of the European maps; but if any ship should be at the trouble and expense of sailing to the seas till he finds them, he would be as well satisfied of their existence, as to the method of making them thence to England, and for any business I am come upon, I intend to spend the length of time I intend.

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